

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.  
But now to London all the crew are gone,  
To frustrate his oath, or what besides  
May make against the house of Lancaster.  
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong,  
Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my selfe,  
Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,  
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,  
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,  
Why via, to London will we march amaine,  
And once againe bestride our foming Steeds,  
And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,  
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

*Rich.* I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake.  
Nere may he liue to see a Sunshine day,  
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him stay.

*Edw.* Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,  
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:  
Which perill heauen forefend.

*War.* No longer Earle of March, but Duke of *Yorke*,  
The next degree is, Englands royall King;  
And King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,  
In euery burrough as we passe along:  
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioy,  
Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.  
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,  
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,  
But forward to effect these resolutions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,  
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,  
And craues your company for speedy counsell.

*War.* Why then it sorts braue Lords.  
Let's march away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*of Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the  
Northerne Earles, with drumme and  
Souldiours.*

*Queen.* Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of *Yorke*!  
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,  
That fought to be impaled with your Crowne.  
Doth not the obiect please your eye my Lord?

*King.* Euen as the rockes please them that fear their wra  
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,  
Nor wittingly haue I infrin'd my vow.

*Clif.* My gracious Lord, this too much lenity  
And harmefull pittie must be layde aside,  
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?  
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.  
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?  
Not his that spoyles his young before his face.  
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?  
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.

The smallest worme will turne being troden on,  
And Doves will pecke, in rescue of their brood.  
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,  
Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry browes.  
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,  
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.  
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,  
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,  
Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall Father.

Vnreasonable creatures feede their yong,  
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,  
Yet in protection of their tender ones,  
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings,  
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,  
Make warre with him, that climbs vnto their Nest,  
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?  
For shame my Lord, make them your president.

*L 3*